The Kingdom
of America
for national creed.

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THE KINGDOM OF AMERICA

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THE KINGDOM OF AMERICA

THE CANADIAN CREED

by

JOHN MITCHELL

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PREFACE

This curious little book has no gospel to preach save that preaching itself is sometimes a vanity.

It merely attempts to hold a glass up to nature and to mirror without distorting them the temper and turn of mind that are common property among Canadians of every race, creed, party, and condition in life.

It does not profess to set down what people think at the moment, because every man's honest opinions are a fluctuating commodity. It attempts to state with candor how Canadians feel at all times on certain subjects.

Of course there is plenty of room for differences of opinion as to this and that, and especially as to where particular emphasis should be laid. However, the native-born will quickly test the general accuracy of this book by consulting his own heart, and others may feel less qualified to pass on the subject.

AN UNWANTED CHILD

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

By a curious play of circumstances, Canada has emerged from the shadows of long adversity in a firmly knit unity and with a sober national spirit, which gives her both character and comeliness. As the hardest of stones were formed by the greatest pressure, the heat and inter-play of disruptive forces have welded together diverse bodies of men, with conflicting interests, into a stout and rugged instrument of state. Across the continent, in this year of Grace, stretches a Royal Democracy, in which ten million humans face, with quiet confidence, the rising sun of their kingdom's greatness in material things.

It seems incorrect to state that the British Commonwealth in America exists, or attained its present position, as a direct result of High Policies of State or as the product of

deliberate design. Influences and policies have produced most unexpected consequences, making of Canadian history a drab account of the confused efforts of sincere and earnest mortals who have tried in vain to stem the deep and steady flow of the waters of destiny. Strong, living forces have bundled the Makers of Canada along, as a woman drags a protesting child homeward along the street. In Canada, history has been making itself after its usual fashion; and has not been made.

The very existence of their country, as its present broad extent, Canadians owe more to fortuitous chance than to the motherly protection of Britain or the cousinly forbearance of the government of the United States. In the inner recesses of every family circle, lie unpleasant memories arising from the thoughtless acts of loved ones; but these are best forgiven. As the day of her strength approaches, Canada looks out across the seas with the sincere affection of a daughter; and, to the people of the United States, presents the friendly face of an old and knowing neighbor.

The Canadian Kingdom owes its separate existence to the youthful piety of an elderly reprobate and to a shabby appearance. In the days of the Grand Monarch, strange forces were already silently undermining the main supports on which French society rested, and from the terrific collapse of which modern

France has since arisen. Looking backward toward some golden age, Louis and his advisers thought to set up, in the new world and along simple lines, a religious and feudal society in which the Middle Ages would shine in pristine glory. They faced a setting sun; but they sought a Utopia based on the fabric of a spiritual life and of social duty, in contrast to the cold-blooded individualism that has since overrun most of the western world.

By the middle of the 18th century, as a consequence, some 70,000 Norman and Breton catholics found themselves established along the river St. Lawrence. Apart from the official classes and religious orders, simple-minded farming folk made up the body of the settlements; and supplied their scanty family needs by the work of their hands in their rude homes. The best of current authority described them as "a brave and decent people with a natural twist of politeness;" and there was a touch of color and gayety about them. Superstitious and illiterate, they were, of course, clinging to ancient customs and homely ways; but, in 1750, the same could be said of the agricultural workers in any English county.

As willing servants of their king, the French settlers proved themselves a daring, patient, and intrepid breed. Save for a fringe on the Atlantic seaboard, they claimed the entire continent for France; and held, "confined within

the mountains," the swarming population of the New England colonies. From the regions of the Great Lakes, along the valley of the Ohio, and to the lower reaches of the Mississippi, their claim was staked at strategic points with rude forts, above which floated, on a white field, the golden lilies of ancient France. "Canada in the hands of France," wrote Franklin, in 1760, "has always stinted the growth of our colonies; has disturbed and vexed the best of them; has found means to murder thousands of their people and unsettled a great part of their country." To her explorers and fighting men,—to her peasant soldiers and missionary priests, New France was more than a gorgeous dream; and drew in large measure of their daring and devotion. They found glory in this life, and sought peace for their souls, in spending themselves in her behalf.

It is an easy thing for most of us to discover the weaknesses of their project and the frailities of its servants; but difficult to appreciate, in a sympathetic way, some of the ideals that underlay it. The preconceptions of our brains, fed with protestant blood, lead quickly by intuitive routes to conclusions, which the learned hasten to fortify with heavy volumes. Before a postmortem can be held, the corpse must be produced. It is a pleasant thing that, in the background of Canadian history, there lies something nobler than a grubby materialism. At the basis of Canadian national life, are found many of the sturdy ideals and much of the

spiritual resiliency of New France, which is no corpse, but continues a healthy, living thing down to the present day. Millions of French Canadians, speaking their ancient tongue and forming the largest compact racial unit of pale-faces in the western hemisphere, attest the fact that New France still lives and has a soul of her own. A less happy fate has overtaken the rugged New Englander, whose offspring are lost in the heterogeneous mass of humanity that now controls the temper and tone of his seaboard states. Some moralize on the inherent defects, as settlers on the soil, of the French, who are proving themselves to be excellent, pioneer home-builders to this day. A comparison of rural scenes in French Canada with worn out farm districts in New England might point a moral, but would not adorn a tale, too often told.

Among his personal effects, the fleeting hours are the only precious things any mortal can possess. The French Canadian has happily retained, in a general way, a mental and spiritual poise that enables him to get some real human joy and content out of the actual business of living. On this continent, the generality of mankind are off in a mad, endless pursuit of material things, to accumulate them like idle trophies of the chase. There results a condition of society in which even affection seems commercialized, producing a race of hard-faced, aged, young men and discontented women, who lose in the strain of the game the ability to enjoy what their

winnings might buy. In the red-skin, America produced a cold-blooded, unemotional savage, but a creature with fine sexual morals before Christianity blanched his babies' faces. Were it not for the French Canadian, the theory might be advanced that, apart from morals, the character of the American pale-face is being similarly affected by obscure, natural conditions.

Had they not been coldly abandoned by their imperial master, at the time of crisis, the French Canadians might have written a different story for France on this continent. It is pitiable to tell the manner of master they were serving. In France, at that time, all power and authority were centred in the monarch personally, and in so absolute a manner that no check existed to his despotic will. Louis XV abode at Versailles, surrounded by simpering and irresponsible dandies. Amid the languor and indolence of a corrupt court, the whims and caprices of the king's mistress, Madame de Pompadour, controlled and fashioned his policies of state. From such a fountain head of honor and preferment, greed and incompetency poured forth to sap the strength of the distant colony.

Voltaire expresses, in "Candide" and elsewhere, the cynical notion current, in polite circles in France, respecting Canada and its climate, "Le Canada coutait beaucoup et rapportait tres peu." The Gallic mind is intensely practical at times; and, in view of its material returns, Canada was costing France much money and

effort. The French court was frankly tired of its cold and inaccessible possessions in America. Canada did not appeal to Madame, save as a place for her favorites to bedevil the work of honest men. In the face of a British expedition outfitting against him, in the spring of 1759, Montcalm was sent 464 fresh troops, which arrived safely; and, so far as France was concerned, Canada was abandoned to its fate. The fortress of Quebec was captured, that fall, by good luck and the rash daring of a small British force. When the tidings reached France of Montcalm's death and the fall of Quebec, Madame de Pompadour expressed her relief that the king would get better sleep. Canada, they tell us, got her early character from the cassock, but in the end, it was the petticoat that robbed France of the fruits of her greatest foreign adventure.

It was Wolfe's glorious victory itself, and not the material gains thereof, that caused bonfires to blaze throughout the length of England. France had been top dog in America for many a long day. Scarce ten years before, after a costly war, the terms of peace required that the fortress of Louisbourg be handed over to the French; and Britain was required to give hostages that actual delivery would be made. The Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart were delivered over accordingly, a humiliating act, constituting a national indignity and disgrace, which did not sit lightly on the stomachs of the haughty islanders. On the 9th of July, 1755, a British

army under General Braddock, advancing in parade dress and with drums beating, down a narrow road cut through heavy timber, to invest Fort Duquesne, was destroyed by an irregular body of French and Indians. The action fought on the Monongahela, near where smoky Pittsburg now stands, was less a battle than a bloody shambles, from which, in the words of George Washington, then a British officer, the troops that survived "ran as sheep pursued by dogs." On the banks of the Ohio river that evening, a band of Indians, drunk with slaughter and army stores, tortured and burned alive at stakes the British regulars they had taken. In contrast to such dolorous events, there was something exhilarating in the brilliant and desperate exploits that led to the capture of the great fortress of Quebec by British troops.

The beacon fires of victory had no sooner died than an active, public discussion arose in England as to the practical wisdom of handing Canada back to France. Edmund Burke, or his kinsman, William, got out a pamphlet strongly supporting such a course. As Benjamin Franklin, who was in London with his ears to the ground, wrote a colonial friend: "The argument that seems to have the principal weight here is, that, in case of another war, if we keep possession of Canada, the nation will save two or three million a year, now spent in defending the American colonies, and be so much the stronger in Europe by the addition of the troops now

employed on that side of the water." In the diplomatic game of "Give and Take," which resulted in the Treaty of Paris (1763), the fate of Canada was a minor consideration on both sides of the table. The French were willing to relinquish claim to the bleak colony, if compensated in the palmy West Indies. Not for any known value or virtue of its own, but solely for military reasons, Canada, with "its ice and snow and papists," was accepted into the British Empire. In the end, a bargain was struck by which the French king packed bag and baggage, and the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence passed formally under the British Crown, to remain there, apparently, as long as water runs. The little island of Gaudeloupe in the West Indies, with its thousand odd inhabitants, which remains French territory to this day, was the thirty pieces of silver France got for deserting her continental possessions, whose inhabitants viewed their conquest and cession with dismay, and felt themselves "a forsaken and a ruined people." The stone thus discarded by one set of builders has become the keystone in a greater temple.

With British arms there came, in fact, a blessed peace to Canada. The French settlers, no longer called away to distant frontiers and living normal family lives again, extended their farm lands, and their numbers grew apace. From the first, they got along agreeably with the governors the British Crown sent them; and by the Quebec Act, in 1774, there came a

definite continuance of their familiar laws and customs, and of rights and privileges enjoyed aforetime by their Roman Catholic Church. In discussing that measure, Edmund Burke explained: "The only difference is, they will have George III for Louis the Sixteenth." Still subjected to a paternal government, which was the only rule they knew, and "without a breath of liberty" in a political sense, as a subject race they enjoyed the widest, personal and social freedom. Under a humane and honest administration, the Canadians speedily decided they might travel further and fare worse.

Once the military power of France ceased to frown and threaten on their borders, the New England colonies found time in which to nurse, in security, their financial grievances against King George, and to correspond with each other touching a remedy. In the revolt that followed quickly (1775), the British king was also asked to pack and travel. France lent a helping hand against him in the War of Independence, from which the Republic of the United States emerged. One of the first external acts of the revolting English colonists was to agree that their recent enemy, His Most Christian Majesty of France, might snap off, and retain for his own, what islands he could in the British West Indies. Such is the futility of all empire planning.

On the St. Lawrence, the French Canadians viewed matters from a slightly different angle. Fear, jealousy, and dislike make bad and

distrustful neighbors; and, with two kings reigning in continental North America, little love was lost between the French and English colonists in their struggles with nature, and against each other. There had been much noise from cannon and muskets; and some use of the tomahawk. Racial antipathies had combined with religious intolerance; and such differences became acute between rivals pushing an Indian trade with help from a bottle. As the American republic emerged with the help of France, French Canada took its place definitely under the British Crown, and stood aside, unwilling, and since unwanted, so far as American, protestant republicanism has been concerned.

Ungenerous treatment meted out to tory minorities in the thirteen states, following the War of Independence, caused an exodus that created a similar anti-republican atmosphere north of Niagara and in the Maritimes. Whatever may have been the merits in the inevitable dispute between Britain and her American colonies, that quarrel, in its spirit and tone, was as mean and mercenary as any family squabble. The United Empire Loyalists were poor, miserable sinners like the rest of us; and some of them were heavy drinkers; but, having chosen the losing side through motives of sentiment, and paying in full the price of defeat, they carried into exile a tradition of loyalty to unselfish ideals and of willing self-sacrifice for them, which has steadied opinion in Canada through all the succeeding years.

To the racial prejudices of the French Canadian, and the greed and harsh creed of victorious majorities in New England, Canada thus owes its separate existence under the British Crown. For her present broad extent, she may thank the fable of a desolate heritage and a forbidding climate. Were they pagans, the Canadians might well worship the North Wind as the true source of their strength and the protector of their nation's cradle. It was the vigorous climate, north of the Great Lakes and of Forty-nine, that made Canada's present territory appear undesirable, viewed from a southern exposure, during the many decades Her Majesty's Britannic government was not unwilling to offer up propitious gifts to the Goddess of Liberty.

In the 19th century, the republic of the United States was an aggressive, colonizing power, land hungry and merciless in its treatment of the Indians and other cumbering minorities, as it remains to this day. In their pursuit of happiness, our neighbors did their full share of war waging during that century; and their wars were aggressive wars. There was nothing mealy-mouthed about the Mexican campaign, which added over 500,000 square miles to the area of the Union. They took by force what territory they desired, unless it came cheaply in a deal. Happily, the sickly Canadian colonies were goods the neighbor did not covet. In the matter of unoccupied territories in America, arbitrations and friendly treaties proved graceful and dignified means of satisfying a

hungry neighbor's ambition for territorial expansion. The Russians and the Spaniards were agreeable dealers; and the British, as usual, were cheerful givers. To the English official mind, territory over which the buffalo and Indian roamed at will, the ice-clad habitat of the bear and wolf, or "a few miserable catches of fish," were of petty moment, compared with the important, traditional British policy of cultivating friendly relations with the United States at any reasonable price, providing the price was paid in local tender. In such currency, the republic got what it insisted upon. Even after Confederation, navigation of the St. Lawrence, through Canadian territory, was ceded forever to the United States.

In her infancy, Canada was thus a cast off from the French monarchy. In her childhood, she was the homely duckling in the British household, and her rough and shabby possessions were viewed with derision and disdain by her southern neighbors. In her youth, she feels thankful for small mercies, and is making what shift she can with the leavings. Whatever else it has done, history has given the Canadian a sober and a patient spirit. Farm life has sunk its cold impress deep into his being. They are groping in darkness, who do not appreciate that the affairs of Canada are in the hands of the sons and daughters of the native-born, and that these were of country stock. With hostile Yankee tariffs and British embar-

goes on Canadian cattle, the Canadian farm was for generations a place of unending toil and of frugal thrift, and the sober lessons it taught were those of caution and perseverance. Old stones, tottering in a disgrace of weeds, tell throughout rural Ontario the days and dates her pioneers got the first real rest they ever knew. There is a touch of tragedy in their simple tale of women who died young, killed with child-bearing and overwork.

Some national good has come out of the century-long journey of the Canadians in their wilderness; and they move forward now, with the steady tread of men well seasoned in adversity. It is recently becoming apparent, however, that Nature has been playing pranks with mankind on the American continent. In the land of the North Wind, lies the constantly fertile soil, and in its sombre caskets are buried hidden treasures, which, in the lifetime of those now living, may make of this humble, northern drudge, both in wealth and in human comfort, the third greatest national unity in the Christian world. "Blessed are the meek," by the third beatitude, "for they shall inherit the earth."

Since obscure England arose from out the azure main, in the days of Elizabeth, there has been no more unexpected occurrence in the birth of nations than the leisurely arrival on this continent of a northern kingdom. Canada views the past with few regrets and turns to face the

future with the clear-eyed vision of beloved Erasmus.

As with all living things, the great issues in Canada's life seem thus to have lain on the lap of fortuitous chance. Man spends his life scheming over trifles; but that life starts and ends apart from his volition. Chance brings him on the stage. He mates by blind accident; and chance shuffles him off. The modern state seems likewise a living, breathing thing; and the forces that fashion its destiny are often too imponderable to be controlled by taking thought. Those who attempt it find themselves, like the boatman, looking in one direction and pulling in another. The vital things in the life of Canada have sprung up unbidden like the daisies in a meadow.

HER FOSTER MOTHER

"Mistress of changing fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
Beneath whose feet the worlds divide?"

Any value Canada had in rounding out British possessions in America was lost promptly with the loss of the thirteen colonies. The American revolt wrote plainly that large bodies of Europeans settled in thriving colonies abroad could not be retained as part of an empire under the Old Colonial System, which rested on a frank business policy. From the days of their virgin queen, the sea-faring islanders had been industriously acquiring all manner of territories overseas; and, whatever their size or value, had retained them as tenaciously as an urchin does the strings and marbles that bulge his pockets. These activities were explained by a theory that, properly managed, such possessions brought increased wealth and power to the parent state. Colonies, it followed, were not developed from altruistic motives or to be messed about with,

as one does with a garden of flowers. In an attempt to derive such practical benefits from them, imposts were usually levied and a trade monopoly enforced.

The East may tell a different story, where subjects went to push their commercial views and continued to look on England as their home; but the American colonies attracted a whole generality of classes, who, going there to set up permanent homes, transferred their affections gradually to the new societies; and acquired a transatlantic point of view. For mercantile England of the 18th century, such colonies proved as fatuous an undertaking, in a business way, as many a simple mortal finds in his life job of raising a selfish and ungrateful family.

In assuring herself of posterity for all living things, Nature exacts an endless sacrifice of the parent for the offspring, without any regard for such business considerations; and her mysteries are apparently as applicable to the founding of new societies as to the reproduction of individual life. Much of the vigor and gladness goes out of the old hive in the mad romp of the honey bees, off to found a new colony and leaving a weakened parent state to feel their greedy competition in the clover pastures.

That her growing colonies in America were not an unmixed blessing to their mother-

land was realized clearly enough in the British Isles years before the final, family split-up occurred. To these plantations, Great Britain shipped her gaol birds and vagabonds, with the same ready grace modern Britain shows today in sending her industrial misfits to the outer kingdoms. The emigration of worthy persons and of solid capital to New England was frowned upon as a drain on the resources of the islands. The growth in these colonies of urban centres with petty industries was viewed with frank disfavor. The British government gave serious thought to continuing the old French adventure of confining the New Englanders, behind the mountains. "I think," said the Solicitor General, in 1774, "there ought to be no temptation held out to the subjects of England to quit their native soil, to increase colonies at the expense of this country . . . . I would not say: 'Cross the Ohio and you will find the Utopia of some great and mighty empire' . . I would say: 'This is the border, beyond which, for the advantage of the whole Empire, you shall not extend yourselves.' "

In New England, such a colonial policy proved in sharp conflict with the interests and sentiments of the inhabitants; and, if colonies principally of British insular stock had revolted, a conquered colony of French papists offered Great Britain poor prospects, seemingly, of present advantage or of permanent allegiance. In the negotiations that led up to the Treaty of

Paris (1783), Benjamin Franklin demanded that all Canada be ceded to the United States, "in order that its lands might be sold to raise a fund for the compensation of Americans whose property had been destroyed"—a naive proposal by the young republic to despoil and exploit a neighboring people in the name of liberty. While Lord Grenville remarked, in reply, that "the loss of thirteen colonies was no reason the 14th should be given away," British opinion, at the moment, would have viewed without keen regret the closing out of the whole unprofitable adventure in North America.

To increase exceedingly the burdens of its Foreign Office, the British Crown retained sovereignty over extensive areas in North America. Apart from the deep-rooted national habit behind such action, there were practical considerations, worthy of respect, for the retension of Canada and the Maritimes under the flag of the Old Union. Perhaps it is well not to have delivered the French Canadians over to the tender mercies of the New England conscience. They formed too coherent and bulky a morsel for ready assimilation. The British Crown was under obligation, furthermore, to locate its Indian allies in new territories, and to provide home sites for the 25,000 loyal subjects who were finding life uncomfortable in the United States.

A boundary line marking as British territory the extreme limits of French settlements

in the east, and proceeding westerly along the most conspicuous objects on the map, namely, the St. Lawrence and the waters of the Great Lakes to their apparent sources at 45 degrees North Latitude, had the appearance of a clear cut proposal that answered the purposes of British policy at the time. In accepting such a boundary, it is true, the British relinquished, without apparent cause, a large, fertile area south of the Great Lakes and extending west to the Mississippi; but it is a fatuous thing to bemoan the improvidence of one's ancestors. That Britain, for twelve years after the peace, continued to garrison and control that great stretch of territory is proof, positive enough, that the United States gained at table what her forces did not win for her in the field.

If colonies of transplanted Englishmen had proven impossible to retain, Canada has shown itself a colony exceedingly difficult for Britain to lose. After the conquest, the main desire of the French-Canadian community was to be left alone. The revolution cut all bonds of sympathy with Mother France. Absorption in the overshadowing American republic was intensely distasteful. Time was needed to acquire a facility in the use of the machinery of popular government, which has since become superb. In the meantime, the settlement of Upper Canada with English-speaking fellow subjects rendered impracticable the creation of a separate French-Canadian state. In maintaining the British

Crown, French-Canadian influence, some one has said, stands out as prominently in North America as does the Citadel of Quebec on the River St. Lawrence. The local English-speaking civilians were irritating at times; and, to explain the stolid steadfastness of French-Canadian allegiance, something more tangible must be found than fancied sentiments of loyalty of a conquered people to alien conquerors of another faith. One of the early acts of the British government, after the conquest, was to seek out in France a catholic bishop for the Canadians; from which subtle stroke of policy, arose a local hierarchy, quietly shepherding the faithful in obedience to a civil authority under which the Catholic Church felt its position was reasonably secure.

For a century after the Treaty of Paris, Canada was left to wander around, like a little visitor in the old Imperial household. Courteous consideration was always extended; but the door was ever ajar. With the repeal of the Corn Laws (1846) and the adoption of Free Trade, as a sort of an economic religion, the logic of the Old Colonial System was completely washed away; and, to the English official mind, any useful purpose for retaining a colony such as Canada was swept away with it.

A permanent union of free peoples under a common Crown was not a conception that originated in the English isles; and, until a comparatively recent date, developed apart from, and

in spite of, the deliberate purposes of English policies. A general scheme of colonial self-government was announced by Lord John Russell, in 1849, but as a corollary to the more important principle that England would thereafter satisfy her needs in the cheapest market and allow the colonists to truck and trade after their own fashion. No other motive for clinging to British connection than colonial timidity suggested itself to the English politico-economic school for the continued dependence of the Canadian provinces; and such writers as Walter Bagehot stated quite bluntly that people get along better once they are free and independent. Canada as a dependency did not fit in with the economic rationalism of Cobden and Ricardo. No more did a child at any family table.

The very circumstances and influences in England that destroyed the basis of the Old Colonial System gradually produced, in the rapid increase of white population both at home and abroad, a large-sized, colonial problem for the Crown, which has persistently refused to be solved by the application of logic of any kind. After Waterloo, the coal mines of England gave cheap power; and a multitude of busy industrial hives sprang up. The subsequent clamor of their workshop population for cheap food bared the few thousand square miles of island territory to a competition which has gradually converted them into delightful grazing lands. There followed a movement abroad of large masses of

displaced farm labor; and those migrating by chance to Canada found homes for themselves in Royal territory, already deeply impressed with antipathies toward republican America. Any thought of independence in these colonies immediately associated itself with annexation, which to the masses was anathema. The rough clearings in the backwoods were, in point of fact, as essentially and permanently British as the rolling farm lands left behind. With the practical temper of plain, old-country people, the newcomers speedily absorbed the color and tone of the communities in which they settled; but coming of such stock, they promptly asserted themselves more capable than their trans-atlantic fellow-subjects of attending to matters of local government in America.

Apart from the protracted and hesitating dubiousness that usually affects her policies, Britain gave the Canadian colonies all the freedom they would accept—but not as a precious gift on a lordly dish. The most startling incident in Canadian history was the vigorous opposition of a large and intelligent element of the local population to having representative self-government thrust upon them. The constitutional history of the Canadian provinces presents, in its rough outlines, the gradual and not ungraceful withdrawal of the Home government from legislative and executive activity in British North America. Viewed in its proper perspective, the government by Great Britain of the

Canadas was a trifling if irksome problem, amid the complexities of English public life, to which a simple and practical solution was found by gradually ceasing to govern them.

In the absence of local representative institutions, the Canadians were ruled for a quarter of a century after the conquest as a colonial autocracy by the hand of governors, who came clothed in the purple of royal authority, but who were responsible to ministers frequently called upon to justify, in the British House of Commons, the activity of these agents of royalty. From the days of General Murray, in 1763, to the arrival of Charles Poulett Thomson, in October, 1839, every British governor sent to the Canadas took up a disagreeable and thankless task, which ended in keen disappointment to able and well-intentioned public servants. In the continuous stream of detailed instructions to which the unhappy governors were subjected, apart from a lack of appreciation of local conditions, there was displayed a generous instinct to do the decent thing, but principally a desire to have no disagreeable noises of any kind heard in public from across the water.

It was manifestly as difficult to justify, in the atmosphere of English political life, the permanent government of a large, white population without representative institutions of any kind as impossible to continue such a form of government in the immediate neighborhood of the United States; and, in 1791, elective assem-

blies were given to Upper and Lower Canada. In their trail came electioneering methods, which transferred discussion and criticism of public measures from vice-regal chambers to the hearths and homes of the vulgar. With so vigorous and greedy a fledgling as a popularly elected assembly established beside them, it followed that the governor's executive, with powers delegated from abroad, would in time be crowded out of the nest. In the Lower Province, the legislature speedily became a centre of French-Canadian influence in constant friction with the executive, which was suspected, and rightly so, of attempting to anglicize the province by settlement and otherwise. In the heated atmosphere of bitter racial animosities, no attempt was made in that province to co-ordinate the organs of government. In such an attempt in Upper Canada, successive governors were manoeuvred into the invidious position of acting as political leaders of an anti-Canadian party, and indulged in flag waving campaigns with such temporary successes as to drive certain of their opponents to ugly disaffection.

Across the water, the effect was as the sound of noisy strife in a nursery. The whigs frankly told "the colonies to go to the devil in their own way." The tory ministry was not adverse in principle to the application of representative self-government to Canadian affairs; but, in view of its possible effect on the party's interests in England, was loath to deliver over

the local administration to "suspected rebels whose whole career had been unmitigated hostility to the Crown, government and institutions." On September 26th, 1842, the governor, Sir Charles Bagot made the fateful delivery. The tory ministry of Sir Robert Peel supported the action of its tory governor, despite despairing protests from a clamorous section of the colonial population, who doubtless were sincerely loyal to British connection and conceived themselves striving earnestly to preserve it. The struggle for responsible government in Canada, if struggle it fairly may be called, became in the end a bitter attack upon Her Majesty's governors by an imperialistic faction in Canada. When the political jobs went to "base born traitors" and "vulgar radicals," the Almighty was called upon, publicly, to view the apostacy with appropriate abhorrence; and the governor found himself described, in the local press, as "a vacillating idiot," who submitted "servilely to the dictates of the disaffected," in order to "hang onto his official stipend."

Any one who studies, with an open mind, the intensive campaign for old time imperialism carried on by the loyalists on Canadian soil, from 1792 to 1849, must appreciate the force and vigor of their arguments. They resisted as disloyal the development of a distinct Canadian sentiment of any kind; because, as formalists, they felt such influences were directly opposed to the continuance of imperial government in

any form then known. The loyalists in Canada were affected by the extreme and abstract rationalism at the time peculiar to the English mind, and which led Malthus, a poor curate with a family of twelve, to explain the birth rate of babies by a cold, economic principle. It has yet to be demonstrated that feeling and emotion are not a truer guide in individual and social life than thought, which may become so rational as to be extremely unreasonable. Facility in eliminating the obvious may give apparent force and clearness to an argument; but does not help to solve a problem. In the face of republican America, the local imperialists sought to determine the future of the British Crown in Canada by ignoring, save in their fervid desire to eliminate it, the one and only important factor in the case, which consisted of an expanding non-English population, whose sentiments and prejudices rendered them royalists to the core.

Let us credit the local imperialists with appreciating correctly the consequences the Home government had in mind in withdrawing from active control of Canadian affairs. As one local governor confided to another, in 1840, the policy of England, in relation to Canada's future, was to establish "the ground work of an independent state separate from the neighboring republic," and this accomplished, "the ministry hoped to find a convenient opportunity of dropping the connection." In the quiet contemplation of a policy which, however happy the results

might be, involved in ordinary human course, the use of the rope on the necks of vulgar rebels before they should become the legendary heroes of an independent state, one would expect an esoteric formalism of expression on the part of those in high places under the Crown; but, in 1849, Lord John Russell, on the floor of the House, blurted out the cold truth with reference to the English government's attitude to Canada; "I do anticipate, with some of the others," said Lord John, "that some of the colonies may so grow in population and wealth that they may say: 'Our strength is sufficient to enable us to be independent of England—the link has now become onerous to us.'"

The disgruntled, busy preaching annexation in Canada, eagerly seized upon a statement of such a character, coming from the highest official quarters. Robert Baldwin expressed to Lord Elgin his keen regret that the only apparent difference between the views of the English Prime Minister and those of local malcontents was found in the mere item of the precise time separation should take place. Lord Elgin, in a despatch to the Colonial Secretary, carried Lord John's argument to its logical conclusion. "If you say that your great lubberly boy is too big for the nursery and that you have no other room for him in the house, how can you decline to allow him to lodge with his elder brother over the way?"

With much angry bitterness in their hearts and amid a welter of cross purposes, in the late forties, many a staunch loyalist became "a turn coat" at what seemed the parting of the ways. English legislation had produced a severe, commercial depression in Canada. Among the local English-speaking population, there was open disaffection in high places; and a substantial portion of their press was preaching annexation. The loyalists in Montreal were burning government buildings and pelting a royal governor into seclusion with stones and filth. The Prime Minister in London was casually showing the colonies the door. The War Office was quietly and furtively closing up its military establishments in Canada. After ninety years of British rule, Canada had apparently become an English cast-off.

In the interests of the British Crown, it was fortunate that "nearly half the population was French, nearly half the remainder Irish." Racial and religious influences controlled the activities of the French Canadians; and regard for their rights and privileges, as a minority on this continent, kept French Canada torpid and adverse to a change others thought impending. Jean Baptiste rarely drops a bone to grasp a shadow. The so-called rebellion of 1837 was a flash in the pan owing to the fact that the populace did not support it. What some viewed as a crisis in Canada, in 1849, was merely a harmless flurry; because, as "Le Canadien" pointed out at the time, the annexationists could

not form a single local committee among the French-Canadian people. Present day English settlers, who shiver at the possibility of "non British stock" preponderating in Canada, would do well to remember that Gallic stock firmly established a British kingdom in North America. In many important respects, it is French influence that effectually controls the activities of that kingdom to the present day.

In the succeeding years and prior to 1897, there was little change in the attitude of the actors on either side of the water. The feeling was general in Great Britain that a manifest destiny would finally carry British North America on a separate and diverging course; and, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, Parliament did what it could "to drop the connection." After the early forties, officials sent out as governors were instructed generally to act on the advice of ministers able to control the local assemblies; and the chances are, if the whole truth were known, these officials, after 1849, and as a general rule, submitted to responsible government with as good a grace as did Victoria, in the same years, in England itself. The separate colonies were united into the Dominion of Canada, in 1867, by legislation which they requested. The spirit behind such ready approval was the common property of both English parties. "Those wretched colonies," Disraeli had written, "will be independent too, in a few years, and are millstones round our necks." "I, for one," said Sir George Corn-

wallis-Lewis, a cabinet minister in 1862, "can only say that I look forward without apprehension, and I may add without regret, to the time when Canada might become an independent state."

After Confederation, the Canadian ship of state was left to travel on its own bottom, and promptly armed itself with a heavy tariff against English factory competition. Public men in England found occasion, one time or another, to wish her a pleasant journey, and to express the hope that the family parting would be one of sweet sorrow. "For my part," John Bright stated, "I want the population of those provinces to do what they believe best for their own interests—to remain with this country, if they like it, in the most friendly manner, or to become independent states, if they wish it. If they should prefer to unite themselves with the United States, I should not complain of that." In his sentiments of loyalty to his own institutions, and of allegiance to the Crown, the Canadian, at his lonely task, found no encouragement in Mr. Bright's mid-Victorian oratory, the flavor of which may be sampled in the following peroration:

> I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main,—and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime.

It was perhaps a happy circumstance that the English public, in those years, was as blandly ignorant of Canadian affairs as it remains at the present day. There was nothing spectacular to appeal to the popular imagination in the slow plodding, humdrum progress of the North American colonies. English murderers, especially wife killers, such as Dr. Crippen and bath-tub Smith, seem obsessed with notions of going to Canada, which may have a publicity value; but, to the mind of the home-staying, old-country elector to this day, Canada remains a northern desolation to which the English unemployed are inveigled under false pretenses. Thoughts of emigrating there have the same hedonic effect on the convivial workman in his local "club" as had suggestion of "transportation" to an earlier generation. Under such circumstances, the British parliament could the more readily exercise disinterested action in Canadian affairs; because the public did not deem vital interests involved in the slow drift that was taking place. By the same reasoning, the world would have missed a lot of bother had the Irish channel been a few miles wider.

The motives of the British parliament in withdrawing from Canadian affairs may be manifest enough; but the results were quite unexpected, and the consequences have been profound. Friction with the government beyond the water was rendered impossible; and free scope was given the Canadian people to grow

strong in healthy self-respect under a common Crown. At all times, Canada has consisted of plain people of country stock, among whom the newly arrived English have not been held in as high esteem as their solid merits warrant; and yet, with tangible proof of a friendly disinterestedness before their eyes, there has grown up among the Canadians a solid body of good will to the old-country and a sound faith in the ultimate decency of English policies and institutions, which, by its absolute sincerity, has affected public opinion in the United States in a positive way, and has helped solve English problems as far away as the Cape of Good Hope. In its intercourse with Canada and the colonies out of which it has grown, the actions of the British parliament, from first to last, have been kindly, considerate, and beyond reproach.

HER SEPARATE HEARTH

"Out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Canada is a daughter of the British Empire; but the child has no present title to the family estates. The Kingdom of Britain, as a powerful overlord, exercises sovereignty over a considerable portion of the earth's surface; and several hundred millions of people occupy her dependencies and vassal states. Based on military and naval power, the world-wide empire of Britain is a living evidence of the vigor, enterprise, and good faith of a great, sea-faring race. Proud memories of that brilliant empire among the lazy palms, with its white clad sailors, swift battle cruisers, swarthy faces, and gorgeous colors—thoughts of these—warm the heart cockles of the Old-Country man who labors among the wind swept pines.

Sacrifices, and great ones, were required from the islanders in the upbuilding of their empire; and large, national dividends have been derived from it. Canadians feel its purposes

generally have been benevolent; and those of English and Scottish stock take special pride in the magnificent, family possession. There has been displayed in its affairs a kindly consideration for the feelings and customs of diverse races which appeals strongly to a Canadian with similar problems of his own. The native-born wish that the workshop population we get from England knew their empire a little better. Such as it is, it belongs to the British Isles; and Canada forms no part of it; nor has she any right to claim it, or interfere in its affairs.

Canada's interest in the British Empire arises from the fact that she grew up in it, and grew out of it into a separate kingdom under the common Crown. There was a quiet and orderly growth from a military governorship, through the stages of a Crown colony, into self-governing dependencies and finally to her present status of a great, free kingdom. In such a series of slow changes in a living, social organism—in these metamorphoses — primitive forms and organs have remained and have taken on altered functions, in the same sense that the eustachian tube, which works usefully today, is explained by biologists as the vestige of a gill. By a crude literalism and by reference to her governmental organs, or at least to some of them, one may argue plausibly that Canada displays many evidences of a dependency to this day. There are curious readjustments of earlier forms to present uses; but the existence of such vestiges

no more justifies one in classifying the Kingdom of Canada as a dependency of a European power than does the presence of the eustachian tube, within his head, justify a biologist in classifying man as a fish.

Arguments on such matters may fascinate the analytical, but are utterly futile and may be interminable, because one's conclusions depend on the individual point of view and the laying on of particular emphasis. By ignoring the spirit and conventions that give it life and substance, the constitution of the British isles might be described as a personal monarchy. In the same manner and by the same process, ultimate, sovereign authority in Canadian affairs may be traced to a parliament across the water; but the discovery is nothing more than a harmless legal fiction. It is futile to seek a logical theory for an organism, such as the Canadian kingdom, which is not a product of logic nor a thing fabricated according to a plan, but an orderly growth, drawing its vigor from deep-rooted social feelings and emotions. An ingenious mind might suggest manifold improvements in the construction and general putting together of the human body; but, without any aid from a surgeon's knife, the average Canadian is content with his country as with his body, in both of which he has his being. He is not given to change for its own sake, and cherishes what old associations can be retained without actual inconvenience. Many a self-respecting

man finds bodily comfort in his old clothes and wears them in spiritual content, through choice and not of necessity. Other states in the British union may be sensitive touching matters that do not concern a kingdom that rests in the quiet confidence of maturity. The eldest of the outer kingdoms will probably be the last to do away with appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It is a fair wager that the minister of justice who moves in that direction will not be a French Canadian.

For every practical purposes and so far as the Canadian is concerned, in spirit and in truth, the governments that comprise the British Commonwealth of Nations consist of free, independent, and sovereign states, united under a common crown and yielding ready precedence to the elder nation that has been the great-hearted nursing mother of them all. Her internal critics, who make a practice of belittling Canada, and who magnify the British Empire into a glorified overlordship, are not addressing their remarks to the Canadian people. They are busy tickling the ears, and trying to please the fancies, of an extensive body of European-born British, who came to Canada to farm and promptly crowded into Canadian cities in such large numbers as to affect the candid expression of opinion in certain quarters. The quota law of the republic has compelled many of them to settle permanently under their sovereign, at the same time permitting the native-born, who felt their

competition in the labor market, to pass freely across the border. However sterling the character of the urban-bred English congested in urban areas here, they remain unacclimatized for a time; and, as a body, represent neither old-country nor Canadian opinion; but there is something distinctly Canadian in the cradles they are rocking. A body of working class English have set themselves up as "the British born" in a country that remained British because of sacrifices made by tillers of the soil, at a time when the ancestors of these town-dwelling immigrants were less concerned with building empires than with drowning witches. To such an audience, the doctrine may be preached acceptably, that Canada should insist on retaining a subservient position and consent to her interests being affected and her policies, in some wise, controlled by a European electorate and by old-country politicians. That sort of spoon meat disgusts the native-born.

From the early days, Canadians have steadily repudiated the suggestion that their country forms a distant possession of Great Britain or of old-country people. In the practical creed of those long since dead, it forms a possession of the British Crown, as do the home islands themselves; and a British subject gains no special virtue, in these parts, owing to the fact that he happens to be other than a Canadian. The notion eternally present in old-country thought that, for Canada, "British connection"

—an ugly phrase, in every sense—is something extraneous and superimposed, a temporary contractual relationship retained for economic or military purposes and to be severed at will as by a knife, is peculiarly abhorrent to the Canadian, who knows that, as British territory, Canada had a retarded economic growth, and that only the mercy of God has saved Ontario from the fate of Flanders. Canada remained a British territory because of the deliberate sacrifice to social ideals of economic and other individualistic interests. For three-quarters of a century, the price the Canadian people were paying for their political ideals was gross and palpable to every English tourist who viewed the falls at Niagara. Until a recent date, there was no reasonable basis for an argument on the subject; yet, from the days of the conquest, the Canadians of every race and creed have stood steadfast, unshaken by adversity, in faithful allegiance to their ancient throne.

Theories of sovereignty and overlordship, involving the indignity of an inferior status for an entire people, and other such notions adopted from military empires and founded on the authority of conquest and force, find no place in the modern conception of British relationship on Canadian soil. For a good part of a century, the Canadians, struggling in lonely fashion in huge territories, have steadfastly regarded themselves as a free people; and within the rind of such a conception lay the seeds of an absolute

equality with all other British peoples for the kingdom they were developing in North America.

Nor was their right to such freedom sold for a price. Friendly good will is all the Canadians have expected from the burdened peoples of the English isles. Some times they do not get it—but they have asked for nothing more. They assume no responsibility for the activities of their local empire invigorators, who have been slipping over to England, every now and again, for a century; and, with high hat in hand, have been attempting, in vain, to beg, wheedle, bluster, or scold money or money's worth out of the old country, as a contribution necessary to keep the empire together. In the forties, a preference was demanded for colonial food stuffs. Later came applications for grants for canals, emigration, and for works of defence. "There have been persons," to quote John Bright, on the subject, "who ill naturedly said the loyalty of the Canadians had its price." In other days, certain Canadian politicians proved disconcerting guests for official England. They stuck their noses into party issues over there, which was in bad taste; and they seemed intent on finding something to carry away. To most of their importunities a kindly providence hardened the heart of old John Bull. Those who pay the piper usually expect to call the tune; yet, the slightest interference by England, in the lifetime of any of us, with Canada's internal affairs, might have led to a bitter estrangement.

The only considerable class whose influences have tended to weaken the steadfast faith of the Canadian in his destiny, as a British subject, have been the local imperialists and "ultra British," who feel called upon at times to act as self constituted guardians of that which their activities, if successful, would speedily destroy. However much one may respect the thoughts and ways of other times and feel an essential oneness with them, it is exceedingly annoying to have solicitous persons, obsessed with notions of the early Victorian era, constantly correcting one's manners and conduct in public. There is a formal, imperialistic patter affected in certain quarters, which, to the native-born, has the taste of desiccated jingoism and which chills the ardor of the Canadian people, most of whom are unable to regard the English isles as their homeland.

There is a larger percentage of persons of insular British stock in the white population of the United States than among British subjects in Canada. It seems inevitable, moreover, that the proportion of such persons in Canada will steadily decrease. The Dominion does not require and, if necessary, will actively discourage any large influx of city-bred, industrial workers; and these constitute the only extensive class of emigrants that England and Scotland have to offer. It is manifestly an unneighborly act to the Great Kingdom, and one of stupid folly, for Canadian officials to coax out of the British Isles bona fide agricultural workers who are

distressingly limited in number and are performing valuable and loyal services by staying in their home-land, which, in the midst of a world in arms, must either plow or perish. May their tribe increase. Let them grow "British" grain, to make "British" flour, to feed British stomachs, and to dispel the grim terror of a great nation starving, with its sea lanes blocked by hostile fleets. For aftertimes sake, Western Canada might break itself of the iniquitous practice of land-mining her virgin soils with power machinery in order to produce wheat for export at a price that does not pay reasonable operating costs, and which results in a grievous national loss of resources.

There has been a sheer waste of Canadian public funds in shipping to Canada, as farm help, city-bred people who are off, as fast as their feet will carry them, to clutter up the labor market in our congested cities. The jobless urban emigrant aggravates a condition of unemployment that recurs in Canadian cities whenever a dragging foreign market, for the products of the farm, forest, sea, and mine, weakens the purchasing power of the rural population engaged in the primary industries. Things have reached the extraordinary pass that rural Canada is being called upon through the national government, to disburse a largess to make work for urban unemployed, who are idle because the country people are without means to buy all that the cities have to sell.

Rural Canada has made a generous contribution toward the growth of industrial Canada, which remains its partner, but cannot become its master. The savings of the rural population are garnered together by the banking and other financial institutions, and despatched by express to head offices for use in industrial centres, and incidently to increase employment there. As a result of tariff protection for home industries, rural people contribute, in the increased cost of the merchandise they buy, a large annual bonus to the industrial enterprises of the country.

It is little to be wondered at, that farm lands, even in central Ontario, are a drug on the market. There is a general feeling that the prices the cities get for the things they have to sell to country people, including the extraordinary costs of distribution, are out of proportion to value measured in terms of the labor and effort required to get the dollars out of country produce. Let the person who doubts it, serve for a winter as valet to a herd of milch cows. If every one in the cities is to be guaranteed a living out of the common national purse, there will be a grand hegira from the juicy barnyards to the noises, the lights, and the white-collared leisure of the polished towns, where every other fellow is making a comfortable living scratching some other fellow's back.

The manufacturer has reasonable assurance of sale at a profitable price before he

places his season's work in hand; whereas, once started on its slow rotations, the farm, like the play, must go on, whatever befalls; and its merchandise is sold on a chaotic and fluctuating market, at the buyer's price and regardless of cost. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." Urban Canada must take care of its unemployed industrialists by insurance of one sort or another, if for no better one, for the reason the farmer shoulders his losses, and carries his work horses over the idle winter. The first step in this direction involves vigorous provincial control of the flow of immigration into industrial centres. The stern prospect of an empty stomach for the jobless stranger is the only effective restriction on urban immigration at present in force. The most pressing problem in Canada is found in the necessity of making country life sufficiently profitable and agreeable to prevent wasteful herding together of large masses around the windy canyons of great cities that never did, and never will, produce their share of robust, sane and well-poised human beings. In politics, business, and the arts, each generation grows its best brains in quiet, country places.

No disrespect to urban-bred English lads is implied, many of whom have made worthwhile contributions to the progress of rural Canada. Life on the farm is not, however, a business or trade in the usual sense, as many a professional man with an avocation has dis-

covered to his sorrow; but rather a mode of life and a life-long occupation, to which city-bred people find great difficulty in adjusting themselves with much pleasure or any profit. Under such circumstances, it is manifest, the great body of immigrants to Canada will consist of country-bred people from the United States and continental Europe. If the unemployed in England can be turned into useful farm help by a short course of training, the Canadian government, in the interests of a common defence, might well afford to contribute liberally towards establishing them on English farm lands.

It may save the expenditure of thought, but helps little in solving Canadian problems, to tap the shirt front smartly, and declare loudly for "British ways and institutions." Thought is actually obscured by such formalism. If the adjective, "British," as so used, connotes the laws, practices, and customs in vogue among British subjects in good standing, all one can say is, that the British Crown holds sway over the most diverse and polyglot assembly of peoples on which the sun ever shone. If the word "British," on the other hand, applies only to customs, practices and products indigenous to the British Isles, Canada is no more British than her currency. In all parts of the Dominion, there exists a deep respect for the solid values of English and Scottish character. There is a difference, however, between such feelings, which flow from good will and esteem, and an ardent admiration that leads to involuntary imitation.

In Canada, there has always been evident a marked tendency to reverse old-country practices in social, religious, and economic affairs. In Great Britain, Free Trade forms the basis of the entire industrial and commercial structure; in Canada, tariff protection is so firmly established that Free Trade is a speculative theory without popular support. The religious life of England and Scotland has been overshadowed by great state establishments; in Canada, is preached and sometimes practised complete separation of church and state. In Great Britain, private ownership and individual enterprise reign supreme; in Canada, by contrast, may be found extreme examples of state socialism. The English social system, in cross section, has presented tier upon tier of classes, each exercising its privileges and enjoying its peculiar prestige; in Canada, social democracy is so extreme that the monotony of the thing drives the males into secret societies. In Great Britain, they profess to practise representative government; in Canada, we affect the referendum and other what-nots of that sort. Such marked differences, palpable in every detail of life, exist possibly apart from any consideration of relative merit. On English highways, traffic keeps to the left; in Canada, in consequence, folks travel to the right.

Modern Britain may be slightly disturbed by a social awakening; but, in the past, the United Kingdom rested in an ample and leisurely

content as a class-ruled military power. With an aggressive republic on her border, preaching crude doctrines of social and political equality, Canada required, during the past century, a better reason for separate existence on this continent than as an outpost of a stratified European state in order to draw to herself, in loving fellowship, the immigrants whose misfortunes drove them to her shores. Apart from the U. E. Loyalists, who came to Canada under compulsion, it is doubtful if many persons sought and retained homes in Canada because of the fact that it was a British dependency. If such a motive prevailed to any extent, it is surprising the millions of British subjects who cheerfully forswore allegiance to their sovereigns and whose descendants form over a third of the white population of the United States.

Now that the fashion is, among our city-bred, to view with supercilious regard the European emigrants who are willing to go out into country places and labor there, it is helpful to recall that the forbears of the Canadian native-born were in most cases a poor and ill-educated class of farm laborers. Potato famines sent to the Canadas a great body of Irish emigrants; and the majority of them had little respect for the English rule they had tasted at home. The park-making practices of Scottish gentry and their grazing farms drove out of Scotland a population that formed the backbone of Upper Canada; and dispossessed crofters

were not British imperialists. Settlers of German and Dutch extraction made a substantial contribution to the development of early Canada; and the countryside in which they settled shows their careful husbandry to this day. During the past century, there has been a constant crossing and recrossing of the boundary line with settlers effects; and every other Canadian-born has a flock of Yankee cousins.

Let anyone, who wishes, except his family tree from the tenor of the remark; but it seems a happy circumstance that the present immigration restrictions were not in force when the ancestors of some of our best citizens were crossing the ocean, with their bundles and their babies. It is economic pressure and the hope of better things for the children that drive families out of wealthy and cultured Europe, which is a delightful place in which to reside, if means and circumstances permit. Better class European families had heart-breaking experiences, before they quit, among the backwoods of Ontario, in the early thirties; and on the prairies of the northwest, in the early nineties. In the sombre background of Canadian progress, stands the plain, laboring man—the unselected, farm tenant and peasant of Europe—who went into the bush to make his clearing, with no other capital than an axe and a whistle for his dog.

Special blood lines have had no more unique an influence than flat feet on the develop-

ment of English-speaking Canada, which has drawn freely from the good and bad of many races and conditions of men. Common family names in any Ontario county are evidence that, for a century, Canada has been successfully solving her present problem of making the children of her newcomers into loyal subjects of her king. From motives of a practical nature and as a result, perhaps, of thought and reflection, the stranger within the gates may enter sincerely into the life of a nation; but the quality of his patriotism, of necessity, differs from that of the native-born. In any event, he wears it with a difference. It is in early childhood that one absorbs, as from the atmosphere through the skin, a pigment that colors all future thought and action, and which time cannot remove. There is something peculiarly sacred to every mortal in the country of his birth, where he first experienced the exquisite, physical joy of living, of relishing food, in long drawn out days of watching the miracle of the changing seasons, and where he first realized in bitter grief the cruel tragedy of death. The native-born is not called upon to adopt a country. He is a part of it; and it is a part of him. Dissertations on the theory of the state and the logic of its manifestations will ever remain unconvincing; and for the reason that nations derive their strength from feelings and emotions that are fully developed in a child of tender years.

Wherever he hails from, patience and forbearance must be exercised toward any stranger settling in the Dominion. If he come with a sound body and a healthy moral outlook, time usually turns him into a useful and self-respecting Canadian citizen. The robust national spirit that pervades the air is the solvent she is using. To get him a wife, no one is asked to fall in love with a whole family; and the newcomer in Canada qualifies as a good citizen, if he lavishes his affections wholly on the land of his adoption. At his leisure, he may clarify his views as to the tendencies of Britain's policies, either at home or abroad. These are matters that concern His Majesty's advisers in other climes; for their wisdom, Canadians take no credit; and assume no responsibility for their follies. Canadians are not imperialistic in their outlook. They have a large enough task on hand, developing in an orderly way the great realm within their own borders; and dragging external wranglings into Canadian affairs, in times past, has added considerably to the difficulty of the job.

The Canadian people have felt for a century—or imagined they felt—the constant, aggressive pressure of a great, overshadowing republic. Not despite such influences, but because of them, as a large bird rises against the wind, the native-born are intensely nationalistic in their temper and outlook. They guard, as jealously as mountaineers, their national free-

dom from external influences and encroachments of any kind or from any quarter. It was his broad and sincere appeal to Canadian Nationalism that carried Sir John A. Macdonald into power, in 1878, with his National Policy, and which kept him there to the day of his death. It was Canadian Nationalism, in 1911, and the fear of foreign, economic encroachments, that sent Reciprocity down to defeat. It was suspicious dislike of overseas social and political influences on Canadian public servants that did away with the granting of titles to Canadian subjects. Reference to democratic sentiment in this connection is a pious fraud. On this continent, every other male delights to deck himself out in the colors of a cock pheasant and parade behind a drum.

Imperial federation tugged strongly at the heart strings of many; but their nationalistic tendencies caused the Canadians to shun all such schemes of political and military centralization. The British Empire, as they miscall it, seems to thrive on the corpses of such lost causes, as a tree in a graveyard draws nourishment from the bodies of those who once toyed with its branches. The mercantile mind now attempts to ascend the throne of destiny, and dreams of commercial centralization and of a British trade combine. In its essence, such a scheme is an atavic throwback to the mercantile theory of the Old Colonial System. It will be interesting to observe the

reaction of Canadian nationalism to that ancient policy, which produced friction with the motherland and lost the thirteen New England colonies.

The urge of such nationalism has caused the people themselves, by a common impulse, to adopt a Canadian flag; and the Red Ensign, with the Arms of the Dominion, is flown as such in every hamlet throughout the land. That the Canadians desire a flag of their own is shown by the fact that they are using one. As a nation in a great confederacy of nations, Canada flies the Union Jack; and its use has a peculiar significance; but there seems no better reason for restricting Canada officially to the use of a flag common to them all than for asking a man to wear his lodge regalia on every occasion.

In view of the general use of distinct national colors by the people themselves, His Majesty's Canadian government might occupy itself to good purpose in giving them, in an official way, a Canadian flag that will have at least the dignity of a registered trade mark. In the absence of such action, the Canadians were left until a recent date in use of a flag that carried on the fly a grotesque jumble of hieroglyphics, including among others, a dead fish, a live buffalo, an antediluvian ship, a field of grain and a marine sunset. Happily the Arms of the Dominion have been simplified; but no one will suggest that, in their present form, they are in any way appropriate to the business of flag making. Neither are natural reproduc-

tions of flowers, leaves, or beasts, which are not found on the flags of other nations; and the maple leaf for this purpose may appeal more to those who live in the restricted habitat of the sugar maple than to the great body of Canadians who may never have the opportunity of watching the sloping hillsides of the East turn into flaming waves of autumnal glory.

A flag, like rosemary, is for memories. For two and a half centuries, the official flag in Canada under the French monarchy was a white banner powdered with golden fleur-de-lis. The original significance of those spear-heads, others may be able to explain; but, whether their formalism stood for Royal flowers or the toads of pagan Clovis, the proud lilies of ancient France made history for over thirteen centuries, until the French replaced them with the tricolor in the days of the Revolution. The first flag flown on the old Ontario strand bore the lilies on a white field. No other race or breed of men lay present claim to the fleur-de-lis; but, in their treble voices, the children throughout Canada sing about them every other day. Assuredly it would be a graceful act to have the Canadian colors bring vividly to mind the Royal flag under which the gallant Marquis de Montcalm fell on the Plains of Abraham.

Not only were both generals mortally wounded on that fateful field, the flags under which they served have both likewise passed away. English bowmen fought the French,

centuries before, under a white banner bearing the Red Cross of St. George, a flag which Elizabeth, as she said herself, "had the guts to make respected." With the union of the two Crowns under her successor, the Cross of St. Andrew was added; and, as the British fleet moved up the St. Lawrence, in 1759, the battle flag was the Jack of the Old Union. For a season thereafter, the United Crosses floated from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf of Mexico; and under the folds of that banner, our neighbors acquired most of the political wisdom they possess. On the enforced union of Ireland, in 1800, the Cross of St. Patrick was added, making the Union Jack; but that being now sundered which was never firmly united, the third cross seems a trifle forlorn.

Canada, as the peace-minded daughter of them both, has united in her body some of the vigor and culture of the two warring empires. She might fittingly unite in her national colors the ancient flags under which the English and the French fought on her soil. On the hoist of a white field, let them place the Jack of the Old Union; and we shall have, as our own, the flag under which Horatio Nelson became an Admiral of the Blue. Bid them sprinkle golden lilies on the fly; and we shall also have, for memories' sake, the Royal flag under which the forebears of a third of our people came to these shores.

HER HOMELY VIRTUES

"Dark and true and tender is the North."

Not by an idle faith groping for guidance across a waste of water, but by long suffering patience in the doing of their own chores, have the Canadians established, on this continent, a kingdom that justifies itself, in some measure, as a home of freedom. The glory that is England's does not rest upon opinions or methods that can be borrowed like a kit of tools; but springs from unique, national qualities of character and courage, which give those ancient peoples the vigor of eternal youth.

A nation that keeps the faith, of necessity does not finish its course. The miserable comforters, who write on Britain's present ills in the spirit of a surgeon sewing up a hopeless case, would do well to remember that on more than one occasion other neighbors of the British Isles have put on their dark clothes to attend a wake that failed to come off. The shade of Van Tromp

could tell a story about a decadent England, the condition of which appeared especially rotten, also, in the days of Walpole. The spiritual qualities that will carry Britain through the economic and social difficulties she is facing have been developed from within; and are supported, in times of crisis, by old traditions that sustain faith and hold a people true. With the silly panics and frayed nerves of this continent, heaven alone knows what would happen, if like conditions confronted us.

We have our own problems to face. On a raw continent, in the process of being exploited for private gain and without much regard for posterity, it behooves the Canadians to cherish what decent traditions they have; and among these, first in importance comes a broad principle of toleration, which gives a reasonable measure of racial, religious, and personal freedom.

Let other lands sing of liberty. Under the cold-blooded reign of mass production, the average workshop citizen on this continent is a slave at a wheel, in indefinite peonage to the instalment collector; and many of them are living from hand to mouth. In times of inflated prosperity, which shake the frame of industry, a largess is distributed, which gives the humblest a chance to acquire habits and tastes a prince could not once afford; but what do these things profit a man, when, in its cold, impersonal way, the factory whistle ceases to blow for a season,

spreading a pall over an entire community like unto that produced by an ancient siege? The stomach of the pale-face is not adjusted, like the Indian's, to heavy gorges at times, with long fasts between the killings. With an ever present sense of uncertainty of regular employment for all, has come a certainty of displacement for those whose temples show signs of whitening in the early forties.

In a factory-ridden world, opinions and sentiments in urban places seem likewise factory made. In the great cities of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, as in a little place like Toronto, the spirit of the mob reacts to its accustomed stimuli as unerringly as an empty stomach to a shot of raw liquor. From his diaper to his shroud, the modern workshop citizen finds in silent meditation the only actual liberty he may take in any certainty of security. There is no more merciless a tyrant than popular opinion in a raw society organized on a purely materialistic basis; and when fired by emotional ardor, a majority may use the forms of political liberty to produce social and intellectual servitude. By joining in the hue and cry of the mob, one may sense power; but the slave with a will to serve his master enjoyed the same quality of liberty. The noise and smells of urban life have long since driven liberty out into country places or onto the highways with the vagabonds and the gipsies.

Personal freedom, on the other hand, is

more of a general purpose breed, got by discipline out of toleration; and throve lustily in certain ancient empires where there were no ballot boxes to be stuffed or slot machines to register the crazy guesswork of excited mobs. It can exist only in a society in which, by the mellowing influences of time or through the stern discipline of events, people have come to realize that particular beliefs, ideals, customs, and points-of-view are for personal consumption; and are not to be forced on unwilling fellow-citizens.

The difficult art of minding one's own business is the first requisite of good Canadian citizenship; and invariably those who fail therein, in this kingdom, receive their correction in due season. On the practice of kindly forbearance in economic, religious, and racial matters, the entire national structure has been built. It is making a virtue of necessity for the Canadian-born to claim any merit for the practice of toleration. With distinct and diverse racial types and the conflicting, economic interests of a country of such broad extent, in Canada's national affairs, every mother's son belongs to a minority; and the rights and feelings of all minorities must be regarded carefully; otherwise minorities unite—and then destroy.

By doing a very obvious thing, in 1774, a tory Englishman, with a clever brain and a fat belly, gave Canada the diversities of which we boast, and started this Kingdom off on its

course as a cosmopolitan nation. Those who charge Lord North with losing George III large territories in America should in fairness credit him with adding greatly to the glory and prestige of the royal line in after-times. By the Quebec Act, in 1774, the French-Canadian people were granted a charter of racial and religious freedom; and, from that stroke of British policy, as directly as the oak springs from an acorn, has arisen the British Commonwealth of Nations.

In the conquered colony at that time, according to its governor, Sir Guy Carleton, there were 150,000 French catholics; and, as he stated before the Bar of the House, exclusive of women and children, "there were 360 protestants settled in the whole colony of Canada." There has been some nicely pointed speculation, on this continent, as to the sinister motives that actuated Lord North's government in enacting the Quebec Act, a measure which the American Congress, the year following, included in its list of grievances, "as unjust, unconstitutional, and most dangerous and destructive of American rights." After a century and a half, nothing much is gained by seeking to ferret out obscure motives for the doing of the obvious; and Canadians, in any event, take little stock in the arguments of the Devil's Advocate where the motives for British legislation are concerned. No one has arisen, then or since, to suggest an alternative course that could have been adopted with

propriety and without disgrace in the circumstances of the case. Assuredly, it was repugnant to every principle of justice and humanity that 360 English protestants, recently settled, as traders, on the St. Lawrence, should constitute the juries, elect a legislative assembly and generally enforce in a strange language a strange code of civil laws upon the large catholic population of the conquered French colony.

To the laws, customs, and belief of its French, christian subjects in America, Great Britain displayed in this legislation the same toleration shewn to those of swarthy pagan races in eastern territories, conquered by her forces in the same wars. Enlightened conquerers treated provinces similarly in the days of the pyramids. Opposition to the measure in the House was negative and non-constructive. Edmund Burke, as a parliamentary agent of the Colony of New York, was critical as to boundaries; but as to the measure itself, the statement that "a government that will make the people happy is the best government for them" did not constitute damaging opposition. "My idea," said Charles Fox, "is that America is to be governed, not by force, but by affection and interest. I think the persecution of the Roman Catholics is much to be depreciated and that the penal laws of this country are repugnant to every principle of toleration. I think there might be, in some part of His Majesty's Dominions, an asylum where Roman Catholics might go, if

persecuted." In view of religious disabilities, then existing in England, the open-handed generosity of the measure toward the helpless catholic colony may be explained by the constitutional inability of the English mind to indulge in persecution for sweet religion's sake. The English penal laws did not exist as things meritorious in themselves; but as a stern act of political expediency, adopted, in troubled times, to prevent the recurrence of foreign intrigue and interference in the nation's affairs. There was no occasion for such laws in the colonies overseas; nor had they been extended there, of which Maryland was an example.

In any event, no amendment to the Quebec Act was proposed in the House; and, on assenting to the Bill, on the 22nd of July, 1774, the King observed that "it was founded on the clearest principles of justice and humanity and would, he doubted not, have the best effect in quieting the minds and promoting the happiness of his Canadian subjects." On reaching Canadian shores, the English working man, nowadays, throws off his political creed as a duck sheds water. Within a six month, he has joined an Irish lodge, which does not thrive in England; and has acquired the political spectacles of an old-time country squire. It may help him to bear with some of our infirmities, to assure him, in this solemn and learned manner, that bilingualism and some other strange things that displease him in Canada are a direct consequence of good, old tory English legislation.

French Canada, if its strong racial and religious impulses were not curbed, rendered it impossible, in the opinion of Lord Durham, for British America to develop out of such diversities a vital and enduring national life. What was once a serious problem for the theorists has long since ceased to be a problem of any kind or for anyone; and evidence of the solution is found in the warm sentiments of good will with which the French-Canadian people are regarded throughout the Dominion by their fellow Canadian subjects of other stock, who view with lively feelings of pleasure the rapid strides the old province of Quebec is making, not only in material things, but toward cultural and intellectual leadership in the Dominion. Like an old couple going through life together, the provinces of Ontario and Quebec have quarreled often enough to know each other's weaknesses and the things that give occasion for fruitless strife; but agreeing to differ, and respecting each other's feelings, they have found sufficient in common to make national life well worth living.

From the very circumstances of her origin, Canada must leave to other lands experiments at creating a new and uniform type of citizen by the use of coercive laws and with the help of a melting pot. They complain, in vain, who wish to make mongrels of the Canadian people. Let us rejoice that the Dominion of Canada is not a land with one language, with one set of laws and customs, and with one bundle

of stupid prejudices. Let us be thankful that, in Canada wild surges of mob passion break helplessly before the cold, stern rocks of compromise. Sections that feel an urge, at times, to enforce their prejudices on fellow citizens are restrained by the certain knowledge that for that sort of thing men are called upon in Canada to pay—and pay full well—some rainy day.

In several important respects, Canada is a cosmopolitan nation; and, if this be one of them, let us glory in her infirmities. There is a passing beauty in meadows of daffodils dancing in the breeze; but the tired eye will turn aside to find beauty and content in contrast, in variety, and in diversity of color and type. Perfection in all living things is found in the individual specimen and not in the multiplication of the commonplace. The men who are settling in Canada come of proud and honorable races with a culture reaching back into the dark ages; and the national ideal requires that they cherish and preserve their languages, and their customs, and beliefs; because, from these familiar things, families derive confidence and self-respect in the terrible loneliness of strange places.

Clean blood lines are often of more importance than good blood lines. Not in the cut of his garments nor in the contents of his stomach, but in his willingness to make sacrifices for his children's future can the real test of the immigrant's value be found. In the journey of a nation, an entire generation is but a

day's march on a long trail. As the working bees, in the honey flow, wear themselves out gathering stores another generation will enjoy, the European-born who is valuable to Canada spends himself, often at small personal avail, for the benefit of the young Canadians he is raising. In the vigor and improvement of his stock, man finds in truth the only immortality concerning which no question can be raised. Whatever their ancestral blood lines may be, raising ill-conditioned children for a labor market is not an act of good citizenship in this Dominion. Wing-shot decisions are of little value in estimating the permanent effects, on a country, of a migration of people, which time alone can tell. On revisiting the Icelandic and other settlements of the Old North West, after an absence of thirty-five years, one must humbly rejoice that in Canadian affairs, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." There are localities in old Ontario in which, during the same period, native-born people of Scottish and Irish stock have deteriorated in an alarming manner.

The family doctor and the school mar'm are immigration agents worthy of their hire. The one helps to bring into the country a newcomer who has inherent national value; and the other turns him into a Canadian citizen. What his mother tells him about the plains of Lombardy and the feeding of silk worms will not do him any harm. Manifestly, his blood lines do

not prevent the Italian child from standing well up in his classes and shewing politeness and respect to his elders; and, in time, he is giving employment to the children of those who called his poor, hard-working father "a da-go." To my way of thinking, the more devout and orthodox the Jew, the better Canadian citizen he proves himself to be. What Canada desires to avoid is the production from any stock of denaturized hybrids who have no deep wells of racial pride from which to draw the pure waters that sustain a decent moral life.

In a country in which millions of public money are spent annually in an attempt, by institutional means, to give to the youth a cultural training, including modern languages, encouragement should be given European settlers to hand down their native tongue to their children; and the cheapest way for such Canadians to acquire a second modern language is to learn one, at the simple price of love, at a mother's knee. It would finally solve many political problems, if every resident of Ontario, in the next generation, were able to use the French tongue as fluently as his king or any cultured English gentleman.

If a precedent will help, the British Isles themselves—not forgetting the little island of Jersey—present a striking example of a persistent survival over many centuries, side by side and in close quarters, of distinct and diverse breeds of men. Ireland is a mournful example of

the futility of a state attempting, by coercive laws and an immigration policy, to stamp out a variant and establish a uniform type. After centuries of it, compare an Irishman on the Lee with one found by the Boyne. Not only is there a marked contrast in their physical appearance and cranial structure, their emotional reactions and mental processes are so dissimilar, that speaking the same language they are often unable to reason together. The Welsh by Caerphilly, and the Scots by Balmoral are separate and dissimilar breeds. For a millenium, it has been a lazy habit among the lower classes in some English districts to seek a wife in a next door cottage; and, in consequence, distinct local types persist; and some evidence of inbreeding is noticeable on their village streets. It is, therefore, a stupid misnomer to speak of the inhabitants of those islands as a common British stock. With scant intermingling of breeds, and possibly because of it, their soil has proven a vigorous seedbed for social stability and for intellectual and moral freedom.

It is natural enough for any man to regret that the entire nation is not composed of persons similar to himself and "the missus." Man is by nature a tribal creature; and delights in the ways and chatter of his own kind, and in the smell of their kitchen middens. The more restricted his outlook on life, the more certain the individual that his own particular breed are a chosen people and the salt of the earth. The primitive instincts

of the herd create a dislike of the unfamiliar and a distrust of the stranger and his ways. A bird, with an odd feather, is picked upon in like manner by its fellows of the field. Such antipathies have no deep racial basis, however; and, in Canada, are discussed by the judicious in a low voice—beside the kitchen stove. The truth of the matter seems to be that violent racial and religious antipathies do not exist between educated Europeans of experience and refinement, who seem able to retain their personality without brawling about their differences. No more have they a place in the mind of the native-born Canadian of the second and third generation. There is no land in which the stranger, however scant his gear, receives a more kindly reception, if his heart is right, than from his native-born neighbors in this kingdom. Those who growl most about the foreigner in Canada were born under other skies themselves.

In the days when British sovereigns personally exercised important executive powers, a tender regard was had for the rights and privileges of racial groups; and, in the popular mind, the Crown continues to stand, in Canada, for the preservation of minorities and the protection of their rights. In this connection, it is apparent, on the surface, that the Crown as a Canadian institution occupies a position in the public mind, and has an influence out of proportion to the personal powers any constitutional monarch can possess; and yet, in expressing a

reasoned basis for such universal sentiments toward an institution round which all races and creeds find a common rallying ground, the Canadian usually proves inarticulate or wanders off into vapid generalities. The truth is that no institution of government, or of law, can be justified with much inward satisfaction in the cold, grey light of analytical reasoning; and a constitutional monarchy, if stripped of the sentiments and ideals that create its character and give it life and being, offers little more for discussion than the excellent and amiable qualities of the respective sovereigns who have reigned over a democratic people who do the ruling themselves.

In estimating the value of any institution, we are less concerned with what it is than with what it stands for. In matters of the emotions, the mind is troubled with the abstract, and seems impelled to associate its ideals with some thing that is concrete. In the moral sphere, and from the beginning, men have been making gods for themselves; and, apart from revelation, the sort of gods men make depends, in large measure, on the kind of men they are. On the same principle, the spirit and ideals of a nation are not left floating in nebulous abstractions, but are found inlaid, as precious things, among the institutions of the country. In a historic sense, the Crown is the source of all law and all authority; and it stands, in Canada, unsullied by the errors of its servants, as a visible symbol of

the best thoughts and social aspirations of a democratic people. As with the gods of the pagans, this institution has the qualities and character with which its subjects endow it. In honoring the king, Canadians show regard for the history, the ideals, and the hopes which together constitute the spirit of their social hive.

In the Crown, in Canada, the popular mind has long since visualized its loftiest ideals of justice, of kindly forbearance, of disinterested public service, of personal freedom, of a united Canadian democracy, and of a world wide brotherhood of free peoples. Respect for the laws as they are, with an openmindedness in the matter of changing them slowly, are qualities peculiar to the Canadian mind, so far as this continent is concerned; and his finest ideals of orderly social progress every native-born associates with the Crown. In the days of their weakness, their ancient throne brought to the mind of the struggling Canadian communities a feeling of continuity with a great historic past, and helped to dissipate all sense of national loneliness. In the days of their growing strength, that ancient throne remains, for the Canadians, a visible symbol of a great, self-respecting brotherhood.

Canada is making a job of her race problems; and has been wearing down, in like manner, the economic antagonisms that arose from her broad extent, and from diversity in the occupations and interests of great sections of

her people. Their nationalistic sentiments have caused the Canadians to desire a balanced economic growth for their country; and substantial sacrifices have been cheerfully made by country people in order that industrial centres might develop in Canada. The manufacturers are a highly efficient body of opinion-makers; but they are a minority, and minorities prosper in Canada by exercising good judgment and displaying a sweet reasonableness. The protected interests in Canada have done fairly well. They have raised tariff protection to such an extent that the Canadian consumer expects as a matter of course to pay a little more for any article in common use than it sells for in England or other civilized countries. In times of general prosperity, such conditions are tolerated with good-natured indifference.

It happens, however, that the great body of the Canadian people depend for their livelihood on what their products will bring in foreign lands. The primary Canadian industries of farming, mining, lumbering and fishing are nourished by internal demand; but depend for their lives on maintaining a healthy foreign market. Their products are sold in open competition against the world. At the present time (Sept., 1930), rural Canada is facing a serious crisis. Her products are unsaleable abroad save at prices that spell out misery and hard times for their producers. A trade depression has set in, following an acute attack of economic indi-

gestion, the pains of which are distressing. Relief will not be found until the cost of living and of factory products come tumbling down. It would be better in the long run if they could be shaken down overnight. The present is an inopportune time for Canadian town-dwellers to attempt legislating themselves into comfort and prosperity at the expense of their distressed fellow citizens.

The climate and the distances on her map have made Canada an active foreign trader, and apart from the effect of shifting international investments, foreign trade is nothing other than an exchange of commodities with producers in other lands. There was a theory in the middle ages that a country should supply her needs at home and sell any surplus to silly foreigners. In 1500, Erasmus found English ladies pretty and willing to be kissed; and, at English ports, officers examined luggage to prevent money from leaving the country. Some hold like opinions in Canada today. They desire that Canadian producers sell their food products in industrial England, and spend the proceeds buying Canadian factory products behind a tariff wall high enough to keep English merchandise out of the Canadian market. The English are asked to buy Canadian wheat because it is grown in "the dear old empire"; and to pay for it by selling English factory products to Russians and other foreigners who have little save grain and meat with which to barter. The Englishman is a good business man; and knows his onions.

The prairie provinces are developing diversified farming and industries of their own; and, in another generation, their problems and interests may be similar to those of Ontario. In the meantime, the well-being of the entire Dominion depends on a more ordered, economic growth in the middle west. The Russians may again develop the contracted paunches of a wheat exporting peasantry—and so will pass, to its eclipse, the prosperity of the prairie wheat grower. The East has a right to expect something better, in the long run, from the Old North West than that the entire economic fabric of the Dominion shall be made to depend on a grouchy, annual gamble in unsaleable wheat. Ontario, herself, is the motherland of great territories stretching through the Dakotas and north to the valley of the Peace. Many of the finest qualities in the people of the plains were given them by young Ontario women, who followed their scanty settlers' effects westward, to cry their eyes out on the lonely prairies, and to be grandmothers of men who have never seen a sugar maple bush. The federal government spent public funds freely, in the early days, developing, for nationalistic reasons, territories that asked loudly enough, but were then too weak to demand. It is a pity that, back in the nineties, the national government did not spend money more freely, and by reforestation or otherwise, set aside for useful purposes certain large areas, which have since, with their fitful yield, starved an army of settlers onto the trail.

Mention should be made of the price the Maritimes have been called upon to pay in order that a British kingdom might arise in America; and had those provinces not been settled so largely by United Empire stock, it is doubtful if they would have submitted patiently to the long-drawn-out economic strangulation that has depressed the spirit of stout-hearted people, whose sea-girt territories should long since have become thriving scenes of industry and commerce. Unless such a development takes place, it is a mystery to an Ontario man how the sort of farming they practice in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia can be made to pay decent returns, in the face of long hauls eastward of shorts and such offal, and westward of their bulky farm products. With their situation and resources, it is a disgrace that Confederation has stinted the growth of the Maritimes; and realizing the fact keenly, Canadians, everywhere, desire that the people of the eastern seaboard be placed properly on their feet—whatever the national cost may be. In view of their services and sacrifices for Canadian unity, no one desires a skimping measure, but one "heaped up, pressed down, and running over."

HER ELDER BROTHER

"Never ascribe to the other side motives meaner than your own."

As the prophets of ancient Israel, which lay with Egypt on the one side and Mesopotamia on the other, might have made curious reading for the great powers whose motives they professed to unfold, the Canadian, in Anglo-American affairs, is likewise affected by strange notions that may be unfamiliar to the English or to the people of the United States. The cynical Canadian, with strong prejudices and local interests warping his judgment, is not qualified to act as a simple-minded interpreter between great peoples who have known each other too long to know each other well. Without any attempt to justify it, no harm may be done, perhaps, in setting out a Canadian point of view which exists touching such matters.

The Englishman, "on a colonial tour," feels his nostrils affected at times in Canada by the tang of what he sometimes describes as "an anti-American atmosphere." What such a

visitor actually observes, on this continent, is the entire north half taking a keen and lively interest in the affairs of their southern neighbors; sitting, as it were, on an immense grandstand, and generally taking sides and making wise cracks on the various plays that are being made. They get a lot of fun every four years, the Canadians do, in watching their neighbors electing a successor to old King George III and in observing each successive autocrat reduced, after the manner of his kind, to executive impotency by legislatures he cannot control. However narrow and bigoted their conclusions may be, the location of their country and its vital interests force, on the average run of Canadians, a somewhat intimate knowledge of the public affairs of Britain and the United States, providing an education in international relationships such as other nationals are not obliged to acquire. To settle into the pudgy, mental localism found fifty miles south of the border, the Canadian would require to lose the use of his eyes and ears.

Apart from pronounced views on the cumbersome machinery of the government of the republic, no other thoughts and feelings than those of friendly good-will and esteem exist in the minds of the Canadian people toward their nearest and most useful neighbors, in the most intimate and complex relationships that have grown up between them. Many foreign motors on Canadian highways have been driven there

by the obscure instinct that guides the wild fowl north to the old nesting places. Not without cause, has the Canadian public regarded even presidents of the United States as warm, personal friends of the north country.

Historic influences have created a kingdom in America; and its retarded growth has developed the close fibre of a distinct national temperment and balance of mind. The same average run of human stock has settled throughout the continent; and, as individuals, North Americans are similar to one another. As such, they may easily be contrasted with Europeans of any land. A citizen of the republic feels at home in Canada; a fellow subject from Europe senses a difference here, which annoys him; and he hastens to foregather, for a time, with his own kind. As a body, however, the people of the United States present to the Canadian view, a torpid, indefinite, incoherent, viscuous mass. They give a couple of definite, negative reactions. An immense material structure has been built there on the sands of economic chaos, and they are so worried about its foundations that they are becoming an illiberal and intolerant people. (It is fear that breeds intolerance.) So rapid, however, has been the growth of the United States, in wealth and population, that neither time nor opportunity has yet been afforded them to crystalize a dependable public opinion.

The same historic influences that created a British kingdom in America, cause Canadian

audiences to cheer their traditional oratory about the British Empire and the Union Jack. The transatlantic visitor should be cautioned that no modern power is regarded, north of the Great Lakes, as an armed angel of righteousness. What he hears is the Canadians staging their ancient and traditional counter-demonstration to the noisy oratory of the United States, where, "with cannon, gun and dynamite, the Fourth is celebrated right." Expression of such patriotic opinion in the United States, during the past century, has obviously been intended for home consumption, in an attempt to develop a nationalism of their own; and, if the Canadians, listening in, have had their feelings hurt, no offence was intended because their existence, save as an arctic fringe, was actually ignored. However that may be, the arrogant and self-satisfied tone of such opinion has been exceedingly annoying to the poor relations in the north; and, as British subjects, they have acquired the habit of shouting lustily for their own side, and everything, good and bad, it stands for.

For such demonstrations, Canadians of other days used such material as lay at hand; and, until a comparatively recent date, they had little material of their own that seemed worth shouting about. The Canadians are becoming a close mouthed and sensitive people. They are distressingly sentimental, as hopelessly so, in fact, as the sour Scot; and their feelings are the more intense because they are under constant

restraint. Before they acquire the habit of talking silly, national bombast, the humor for such bragging, on this continent, may have passed away.

From the establishment of the Republic, the settled, traditional policy of Great Britain, in American affairs, has admittedly been to maintain friendly relations with the United States on any terms that did not involve a notorious, national disgrace; and, with such a policy, the Canadians have had no cause to complain. Their personal view of the family relationship takes on, however, a somewhat different complexion. To their way of thinking, Great Britain has frequently acted the part of a silly, old parent who insists on trudging over, with gifts and proffers of affection, to a son's house, the door of which is frequently slammed in her face. In the Canadian view, it is possible to protest too much the depth and benevolence of one's sentiments, and to persist in cultivating friendship to such an extent that suspicions are aroused. Blood may be thicker than water; but thicker than both on this continent has been the determination of the young republic to keep its household free from foreign influences of any kind; and, on more than one occasion, in the exigencies of their political life, it has been a sincere, personal friend of Britain who has slammed the door.

The English do not nurse international grudges; and, in their public affairs, are the most cheerful forgivers and the quickest forgetters

among mankind. Opinion among the plain people in Great Britain has been consistently and profoundly friendly toward the great English-speaking republic, the growth of which they have viewed with pleasurable family pride. Their workshop population made willing sacrifices on its behalf, in the days of the Civil War. It would be difficult to persuade the home-staying old-countryman that, beneath the surface of things, such sentiments have not been warmly reciprocated.

As the largest military empire since the fall of Rome, holding a fifth of the human race under subjection to her arms, and as their only hereditary foe, England had, in fact, a bad background in front of which to preach to her separated brethren in America the doctrine of a common benevolence between them and toward all mankind. British motives in the whole transaction were distressingly obvious; but, being so obvious, others distrusted them. To her blandishments, the people of the United States of every stock responded with such lively feelings of suspicion and distrust as to prevent the public display toward the older country of any political sentiments warmer than a frigid courtesy. No doubt the battle fleet of the republic sailed for European waters, in the late war, with specific instructions to keep a sharp eye on the British.

In furtherance of the policy of hands clasping across the water, English opinion seems

generally to have adopted the view that the War of Independence was a melodrama, with unselfish patriots on the one side and stupid tories on the other. Such may not be the final, considered opinion of the United States; and it can never be the opinion in Canada, while local traditions persist in these parts, of men who lost all they had for unselfish ends, and of women buried in a wilderness. The conflict between the so-called Anglo-Saxons is not regarded in Canada as a heroic affair. There seemed a keen desire to have people of other blood lines do the fighting. Both sides appealed, post haste, to the Indian tribes and to the French Canadians. The insular Anglo-Saxons hired German mercenaries to do their transatlantic drinking and fighting for them. The revolting colonies turned eagerly to French and Spanish despotisms for succor and assistance. The local colonial levies felt a constant urge to see that the home fires were kept burning. The insular British were of no mind to support actively a campaign of conquest waged against their transatlantic kinsmen, being a trifle weary, not to say exhausted—for some inexplicable force seems to refresh and sustain them—but being a trifle weary, at the moment, of their seemingly endless task of sending their youth off to death in distant places and for purposes that sometimes turn out to be somewhat obscure. His letters to the king are evidence that Lord North, himself, was doubtful of success; and feared the consequences, if success came.

The Independence of the revolting colonies having followed that contest, Great Britain had compelling reasons for desiring friendly relations of a most permanent character with the United States. Owing to the continuance in America of British colonies, with boundary disputes and other differences neighbors have, a startling military weakness resulted, which constantly threatened a further humiliation to British military pride. Any adequate defence of Canada's sprawling territories against the exerted power of the United States was manifestly impossible, and was never contemplated; and yet, the conquest of those territories would have delivered a heavy body blow to Britain's military prestige throughout the world.

The final grapple with Napoleon was the only occasion on which the sensibilities of the United States have been seriously ruffled by any act on Britain's part. To impressments and the continental blockade, the learned ascribe the occasion of the War of 1812; but the actual reason a fight took place may perhaps be found in the pressure on western settlements of Indians, who, to state it mildly, were somewhat friendly to the British Crown. In any event, frontiermen composed the forces that invaded Canada; and against them, most of the effective fighting was done by the Indian tribes; and Englishmen, in war paint, sat as tribesmen in the councils of their chiefs.

Four regiments of the line (the 8th, 41st, 49th and 100th), all under strength, together with a small body of veterans and artillery, some 1400 men in all, was the entire military contribution of the Home government, in the beginning of that contest, to the defence of Canadian territory, west of Quebec, against the adjacent republic, with a population of over seven million. Neither did the United States, in that war, make a stout effort to take Canada; nor, until 1814, did the British government, with vital interests elsewhere, take real measures to defend it. There resulted a rough and tumble in the backwoods in which the grim terror of the scalping knife chilled the ardor of the invaders. Among the memorable military expeditions on this continent, account should be taken of the 270 Indian warriors who drove their frail birch canoes from Michilimackinac, in six days, crossing rough, open water, in places fifty miles in extent, to find Detroit surrendered without a shot fired in its defence, and the garrison of some 2,000 odd troops prisoners in the hands of an insignificant British force. In summoning its commander to surrender, Major-General Isaac Brock had written him: "You must be aware that the numerous body of Indians, who have attached themselves to my troops, will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences."

The fall of Detroit, in such a fashion, consolidated the Indian alliance, and sufficiently heartened local defence to prolong the war until,

after Waterloo, British veterans poured into Canada. The peace that followed has been unbroken; and for reasons that are manifest. As Disraeli wrote Lord Derby, in 1866: "It has never been our pretense or our policy to defend the Canadian frontier against the U.S. . . . Power and influence we should exercise in Asia, consequently, in Eastern Europe, consequently also in Western Europe; but what is the use of these colonial dead-weights, which we do not govern?" With such a policy, the maintenance by Great Britain of standing troops in her American colonies, save at naval bases, became a wasteful, provocative show; and these troops were quietly withdrawn. The undefended boundary, of which we hear much, was a line on which the United States had no occasion to place defences, and on which the English taxpayer had no desire to have his money spent. As well might Canadians claim credit for the changing seasons as point with personal pride to the century of peace and the unfortified boundary, with which a merciful providence has blessed them.

A boundary line that doubtless appeared clear and specific enough in Paris, in 1783, gave rise to petty subsequent disputes, which were invariably settled to the general satisfaction of the United States. Canadians are frank enough to admit that, if the Republic did not get, in 1783, what has since been given, our neighbors could have had it at that time for the asking. It is an impertinence, in any event, for a Cana-

dian to complain that the British Crown did not, in the early days, preserve a larger inheritance for his sprawling democracy, which was then unborn and not even conceived. Considering its late and unexpected arrival, the Canadian kingdom has done well in the matter of territory.

The course of these settlements undoubtedly caused some heart searchings on the part of the Canadian people. At all times, they have been willing enough to make sacrifices for necessary policies of state; but, as a child is given castor oil secreted in its jam, stupid machinery of deception was employed, one time and another, in an attempt to hide what was going forward from subjects on this side of the water. A distrust of old-country diplomacy developed, as a consequence, sufficiently strong to end it, so far as Canadian interests are concerned. The fiasco of an "independent tribunal of jurists of repute," adjudicating on the Alaska boundary, completed the cycle. In Canadian opinion, the final decision in that instance was not judicial; but was dictated by political expediency; and was occasioned by reason of the fact that the President of the United States was brandishing a big stick. A law suit is risky enough at best; but a defeated litigant stands aghast at a court that has been tampered with.

A shrewd suspicion exists, in Canada, that the British Crown would have benefited, in the past, had bi-focal lenses been supplied for the

examination of local American problems. In any event, His Majesty's Canadian government attends to such matters in future; and immediate settlement of major international problems in North America is delayed owing to a friendly intimacy existing in America, which enables neighbors to understand each other. It is common knowledge, hereabouts, that the people of United States expect their government, in its external affairs, to be smart and shrewd, to make sharp deals, and generally, to bring home the bacon. There are no more charitable minded people in the world than they are, and they make resounding contributions on the passing of the plate; but, in their governmental activities, they cling to the business ethics of the old-time deacon who enjoyed a horse trade.

Tinkering at the tariff walls of the republic, which seems a continuous process, has given the Canadians the impression—possibly quite a mistaken one—that the politicians at Washington have other than purely economic reasons for disturbing the trade of their best foreign customer. Canadians do not care for a market in which they are asked to do business on the cash and carry system. They intend to trade in a market that will take their truck. They are profoundly suspicious of the activities of the neighboring government, and until the Reciprocity campaign is forgotten, and while memory remains green of the elderly man whose courage caused him on that occasion to taste the bitterness of defeat, Canadian politicians will move cautiously in

making bargains with the government of the United States. Others will scarce dare venture where the mightiest of the chieftains fell. It would be difficult to imagine a commercial treaty, or other major engagement, with either the United States or Britain, that might not carry to defeat any Canadian government that supported it. In the external affairs of his country, the Canadian elector is as distrustful as a young horse in a pasture. In vain is the oat bucket shaken before a colt that suspects a halter.

Those who speak of Canadian nationalism, as a mute and unconscious thing, are trying to tell us that it is neither noisy nor self-conscious. One does not feel the air about him until the wind begins to blow. Others may argue, to their hearts' content, as to the value or impropriety of the nationalistic sentiments of the Canadians. All that is done, here and now, is to remark, timidly, on their controlling influence as a present existing state of fact, and, casually, on the folly of those who, like the rustic, stand around expecting a mountain stream to pass by. The deep current of Canadian feeling is fed by the dissolving snows of three centuries; and its channel has been cut, in living rock, by the obscure struggles of plain people, who have passed on, and are forgotten.

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